NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1857.

WHOLE NO. 889.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, ON SATURDAY,
AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM,
BY THE
MERICAN ANTI-SLAYERY SOCIETY
At the Office, 138 Nassau St., New York, At its Office, 198 reasons on, Area 1999, and at the oppice of the pignistivatia Anti-Slavery Society, 91 North Fifth St., Philadelphia.

THE STANDARD.

New England Anti-Slavery Convention.

STATE VS. FEDERAL OFFICIAL EVIDENCE AGAINST THE UNITED STATE

u of the Court, says The Cincinnati Gazette, next. The coming week, probably, the

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

from our Boston Correspondent.

From our Cincinnati Correspondent.

From our Publin Correspondent.

Special Polices.

Now Hand-Books for Home Improvement

HOW TO BEHAVE.—A NEW POCKET

ENGINEER.
AT HOME,
AT PLACES OF A
TWO WAS YELDT,
AT WOODLO,
AT TABLE,
AT PLACES
AT TABLE,
WHILE TRAFFILE
AT PLACES.

Are Excellengly Thermos experience of the II will be sent fortunately contributed to death; via copies for M. II will be sent port paid, in victim for series of it stanges. For colds at these port paid, in victim for series of its contributed to the contribute

Refer to Union, Broadway and Oceas Banks. No Basell & Co., Bartford, Cr.; Ros. John M. Wood Samel Farrell, Ules, N. Y.

MORTIMER HALL,

(Room No. 1, Empire Block)

THE DEAD SECRET.

mel, my man, h." dress in London, in ca

dan for finding out you mond, copying the dire

THE SYCAMORES. BY JOHN G. WHITTIER

Broke for them the virgin monic.
Daily set to Cellic mine,
A his violin's sound they grew,
Through the monilit eves of Summer
Making Amphlon's fable true.
Rise again, thon poor Hugh Tslent!
Pass in jerkin green along,
With they eyes hrim full of lampter,
And thy month as full of song.

How he wronght with spade and fid Delved hy day and sang hy night. With a hand that never westled, And a heart forever light— Still the gay tradition mingles
With a record grave and dre:
Like the rollck air of Cluny,
With the solemn march of Mo

And the hulging nets swept shorews With their silver-sided haul, Midet the shouts of dripping fishers He was merriest of them all. When, among the jovisl baskers Love stole in at Labour's side, With the lasty airs of England, Soft his Celtic measures vied.

longs of love and wailing lyke-And the merry fair's carouse; of the wild Red Fox of Erin, And the waman of Three Co

And the walking hearths of Winter, Plessent seemed his simple tales, idst the grimmer Yorkshire legends And the mountain myths of Wales.

Then each war-scarred Contine
Leaving smithy, mill and fare
Vaved his rusted sword in welAnd shot off his old King's-au

Philadelphia Advertisements.

RANKLIN WOOD, 104 South For